

VISIT...

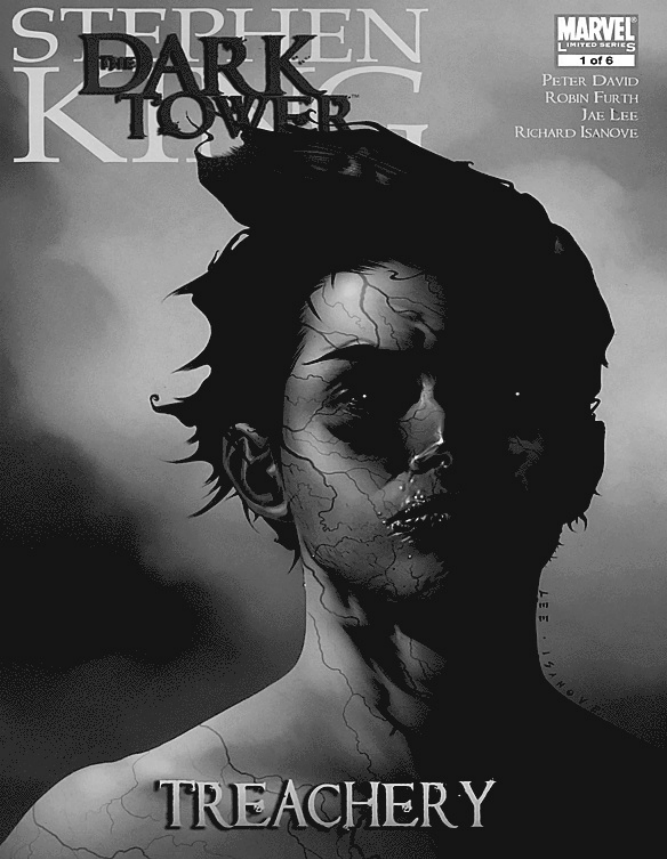
LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

STEPHEN KING

THE DARK TOWER

MARVEL[®]
LIMITED SERIES
1 of 6

PETER DAVID
ROBIN FURTH
JAE LEE
RICHARD ISANOVE



TREACHERY

STEPHEN KING THE DARK TOWER

CREATIVE DIRECTOR AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

STEPHEN KING

PLOTTING AND CONSULTATION

ROBIN FURTH

SCRIPT

PETER DAVID

ART

JAE LEE AND RICHARD ISANOVE

LETTERING

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

PRODUCTION

ANTHONY DIAL
& PAUL ACERIOS

ASSISTANT EDITORS

LAUREN SANKOVITCH
& LAUREN HENRY

EDITOR

RALPH MACCHIO

VICE PRESIDENT OF CREATIVE

TOM MARVELLI

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES, PUBLISHING

DAVID GABRIEL

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF STRATEGIC DEVELOPMENT

RUWAN JAYATILLEKE

EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER

DAN BUCKLEY

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHUCK VERRILL, MARSHA DEFILIPPO, RALPH VICINANZA, BARBARA ANN MCINTYRE, BRIAN STARK, JIM NAUSEDAS, JIM MCCANN, ARUNE SINGH, CHRIS ALLO, JEFF SUTER, JOHN BARBER AND JIM CALAFIORE.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON DARK TOWER COMICS, VISIT MARVEL.COM/DARKTOWER

TO FIND MARVEL COMICS AT A LOCAL COMIC SHOP, CALL 1-888-COMICBOOK.

DARK TOWER: TREACHERY No. 1, November 2008. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2008 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King, Marvel and its logos are TM & © Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.00 in Canada (GST #R12702262) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #006257. Printed in Canada. ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and CMD Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASZCZALLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM CRYE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CAPP, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Director of Editorial Operations; SUSAN GRESPE, Editorial Operations Manager; OMAR OTHMAN, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at mdane@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.



IN A WORLD THAT HAS MOVED ON..

Earning the title of Gunslinger at the unheard-of age of fourteen, young Roland Deschain quickly became a target for his father's enemies, namely the "Good Man" John Farson, and was forced to flee his home of Gilead or face death.

Accompanied by his ka-tet mates, Cuthbert and Alain, Roland journeyed to the seaside town of Hambry and fell in love with Susan Delgado. When Susan was killed by the townspeople, who were revealed to be under the control of Farson and his evil master, the Crimson King, the ka-tet fled, with the Hambry posse in hot pursuit.

Having secured Farson's greatest prize, the seeing sphere known as Maerlyn's Grapefruit, during their escape, the ka-tet were caught unawares as the sphere sucked Roland's consciousness deep into the demonic realm known as End-World, where he was confronted by the diabolical Crimson King.

Despite being rescued from the Crimson King's clutches by his young friend, Sheemie, Roland, now safe in Gilead with the rest of his ka-tet, is still secretly under the Grapefruit's spell whose influence could spell certain doom for the unsuspecting people of Gilead.

He should be out working the fields,
this youngster. Gathering the last
of what has been a remarkably fertile
harvest in Gilead.

Instead, as the sun crawls across
the sky, see him now, see him very well,
as he stands with his hoe balanced
on his shoulder.

He takes careful aim at imaginary
targets and whispers "Puh-chow"
as his implement becomes a rifle,
wielded by an expert gunslinger.

That's what he dreams of becoming,
this here youngster. Can ya kennit?
I knew ya could.

With the return of Gilead's bestest
and brightest a week ago, and the
city all hepped up to celebrate their
coming of age...

...what young man worth his
spit--no matter what his
station in life--wouldn't be
dreaming gunslinger dreams?





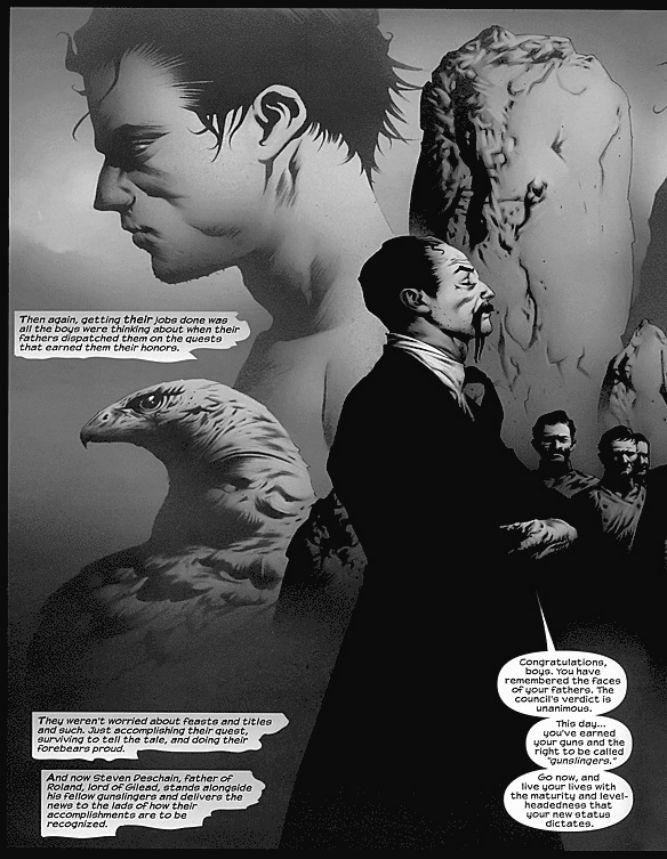
Meanwhile, uncaring of either fancy boys or boys' fancies, the residents of the Great Hall--also known as the Hall of the Grandfathers or West'rd Hall--are busying themselves with what needs to be done for the feast.

It's momentous this occasion, it is. Three boys--even such formidable lads as these--earning the title "gunslinger" all at the same time? Unprecedented. Means a good deal to those who care about such things.

Means squat-all to the chefs, servants and such who know only that they have to move their collective arses to have everything ready. The reason for the festivities means little.



Getting their jobs done means everything.



Then again, getting their jobs done was all the boys were thinking about when their fathers dispatched them on the quests that earned them their honors.

They weren't worried about feasts and titles and such. Just accomplishing their quest, surviving to tell the tale, and doing their forebears proud.

And now Steven Deschain, father of Roland, lord of Gilead, stands alongside his fellow gunslingers and delivers the news to the lads of how their accomplishments are to be recognized.

Congratulations, boys. You have remembered the faces of your fathers. The council's verdict is unanimous.

This day... you've earned your guns and the right to be called "gunslingers."

Go now, and live your lives with the maturity and level-headedness that your new status dictates.





Look at them.
The favored sons
of the Favored few,
celebrating their so-
called victory, along
with Whitman and
PeCurry.

At least Roland
faced the same all-or-
nothing challenge of battling
Cort that awaits the rest of
us. But his "ka-tet" coasted
along for the ride.

I think it
behooves us, gents,
to *congratulate*
them in a fitting
manner.



Eeeowwwwww!

What the
hell--?

We thought it took
real *stones* to accept
your guns just being handed
to you, Allgood, unlike the
rest of us who have to
work for it--

--and figured a
rock to the head
was the appropriate
way to celebrate.



You have *no* idea of the
challenges we faced. A fight
with Cort in the Square Yard
would have been a summer's
breeze in comparison.

We earned
the honor, make
no mistake.



If mistakes
are being made,
Johns, I promise
you...

...you're the
ones making
them. See you
later.

Not later
enough.



They were
spoiling for a fight,
Bert. There was no
point in giving it
to them.

So says the
one who *didn't* have
a rock bounced off
his skull.

Perhaps that
allowed me to keep
my faculties enough
to realize how
outnumbered we
were.

We've faced
far greater, and
more heavily armed,
odds.

Because
we had no
choice.

Why embrace a
pointless battle?
Especially when it's
fired by jealousy that
will surely run its
course if we don't
prolong it.

This will all go
away in short order,
I get my watch and
warrant on--



Ah,
damn.

Short order,
eh? Tell me,
Alain...

Do you find it
tiresome being
right all the time?
Better still...

Best
check your
watch and get a
new warrant.



cheaters



The boys resolve to inform Roland of the current mood that has, like an ill-humor, infected the gunslingers-in-training.

But their knocks on the door of his chamber yield no response. And when they peer through the keyhole...

...they see why.



Farson's Balls!
He's *still* obsessed with that damnable grapefruit!



I'm no more anxious than you to betray Roland's trust, but we should have forced him to turn it over to his father!



Mark me, Alain, *no* good will come from this.

None.

"And this time, if he gets pulled in there and can't get out," Bert continues, "we don't have Sheemie to do it for him. I swear, as much as I love him, Alain, well..."

...the first time, you can forgive. He had NO idea of the danger. This time he'd be doing it to himself. No different than putting a single bullet in the chamber, sucking on the barrel, and pulling the trigger for sport.

"He should be here with us, enjoying our day of triumph. Instead...hell, he could be anywhere, seeing gods-know-what."

So said Cuthbert. And I'll tell ya what...

The lad knew whereof he spoke.

Welcome, Roland.

Welcome, ye of Gilead, ye of Eld.

The tower... talks?



Not to all, Roland. Just to those who are worthy.

What's happening to the flowers? They...they blacken and...



Why stop and smell the roses, Roland, when you are on the scent of something greater?

Scent? "Stench" is more a'right.



The air is foul with decay, like rotting meat.

Rotting meat? 'Tis nothing compared to the aroma of rotting souls. Does it waft from the tower, Roland?

Or is it, mayhap, closer to home?

Enough riddles! I've had enough for a lifetime! Show yourself!



Oh, you'll have far more riddles 'ere you're through.

But if you prefer direct answers, why then...

...look up.



And bow
before the
**CRIMSON
KING!**

Bow...
or die!

Or...
actually...
why not
both?

Yes.
Both.



And now the
air reeks of
something new:
Fear. Whence
does it come,
we wonder?

Not from
us, that much
is sure.

Hmmm. Who
would *possibly*
have....?

Why, we
believe it's
you.

Not exactly
the way you
thought you
would die, is
it, Roland?

Nooooooooooo!!

Roland rips back into his own world, his heart threatening to sunder his ribs.

He throws a sheet over the grapefruit, poor lad...

...as if that will somehow muffle the damnable globe's whispers.

I am destroying myself.

As sure as the sun rises and sets, that...*thing*... will be the death of me.

I should give it to my father. Yes, I should. I *must*, but...

What if it has the same effect on *him*? He wouldn't be ready. It could... overwhelm him.

I...I have to protect him from it. Yes. Protect him. I have to keep it for my own good...I mean, his own good...

...even if it kills me.

Ever notice folks can justify damned near anything, 'cause they're always the heroes in their own stories? Whether it's Roland defending his obsession as being protective of his father...



...or boys scrawling
"cheaters" on a
chamber door, thinking
they're delivering a
needed message to
some uppity, spoiled
brats...



...or Alain and Bert bearing
up under the harassment in
silence, hoping this too
would pass...



...or their fathers, plus Roland's,
plus several others, heading out
on a mission to thwart the doings
of John Farson. Heroes all.



As for Farson, gods only know
what goes through his head to
cast his purely evil deeds as
heroic. Rather not be putting
m'self in his brain too much, if
it's all the same to ya.

Despite the fact that they're on horseback, they still move almost noiselessly. Steven at the head as befits a leader, Bert's and Alain's fathers and several others bringing up the rear. By the time night's shadows envelop them, they are little more than shadows themselves.

Eventually a scout dismounts as they near their destination and takes the lead on foot.

Much further, Justus?

According to my 'hums'-sources, not much, sai Steven. Just past yonder hills.

No doubt engaged, even as we speak, in making their 'hums'-foul plans on behalf of their beloved "good man."

As it so happens, Justus is right about the "just beyond" part. As for the rest, well...judge for yourself.

Farson's going to be the death of us all, you realize that, right?

We have to find a way to get out from under him...

Death is the only release from Farson's grasp, Wells. Tween you and I, I have not much stomach for this business either, but...what else can we do?

We can run. Put Farson to our backs...

So he can sever our spines? Thank you, no.

You *think* too much, Wells. Just assuage your conscience with the spoils of war and have done.

To hell with the spoils. I'm sick of blood under my fingernails...in my hair...in my *soul*...

Think you perhaps the men of *Gilead* might consider providing sanctu--?

What was that?

*His question is answered
not by words, but by deeds.
Then again...*

*...gunslingers never
were much for talking.*





*The sounds of the guns
roaring nearly drown out
the screams of the
men dying.*



*And above it all, one howling
voice makes itself heard above
the others, with a single word:*



"Mercy!"



You cry out for mercy, oh follower of Farson. You deserve exactly the same amount of mercy that you and your master would give others.

But mercy it shall be, of one sort or the other.

If your wounds are salvageable, you'll share your knowledge of Farson. In exchange, we'll let you live.

If they're not, well...a fast death is better than a slow one, is it not?



It is. Except... I wasn't asking for mercy. I was just starting to say...

"Mercy me... gunslingers are stupid."

Hah! Sounds
as if we had the
last laugh on the
bastards.

But at
a price...
damnation,
what a
price.

Perhaps Wella
was right in the first
place. Farson will be
the death of us yet.
As if he cares aught
of our fates! To what
point and purpose
do I serve him?



If I walk,
keep walking
and never look
back--

Then you
won't see the
armed man
standing behind
you.

Eh?





You! Ah, this night gets better and better!

You were supposed to betray *them* to us, you idiot. Not us to *them*.

Farson made a change in the plans.

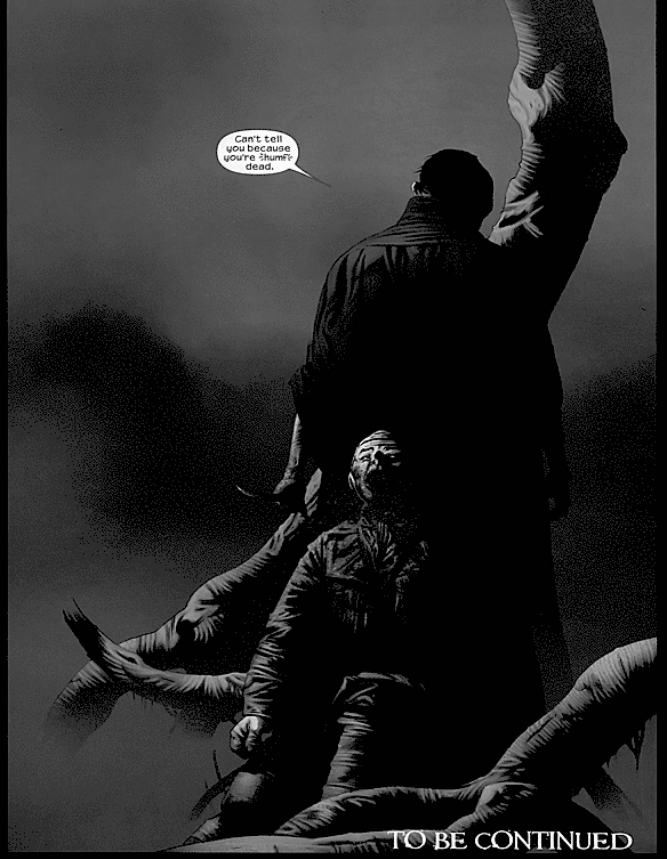


Now why the hell would Farson do such a thing?

Afraid I can't tell you that.



Give that here, you--
arrrrhhh!



Can't tell
you because
you're 'thumf'
dead.

TO BE CONTINUED



I DO NOT AIM WITH MY HAND;

HE WHO AIMS WITH HIS HAND HAS FORGOTTEN
THE FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I AIM WITH MY EYE.

I DO NOT SHOOT WITH MY HAND;

HE WHO SHOOTS WITH HIS HAND HAS FORGOTTEN
THE FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I SHOOT WITH MY MIND.

I DO NOT KILL WITH MY GUN;

HE WHO KILLS WITH HIS GUN HAS FORGOTTEN THE
FACE OF HIS FATHER.

I KILL WITH MY HEART.

--GUNSLINGER LITANY



INJURED HAWKS AND FAILED GUNSLINGERS

Cortland Andrus—otherwise known as Cort, the venerable mentor of Gilead's apprentice gunslingers—has a tremendous respect for hawks. To him, they are the perfect fighting machines. Swift, accurate, fearless and unforgiving, they are God's gunslingers. In order to train his young charges for the trials of battle, Cort instills in them the ruthless killing instincts of birds of prey. Hence, by the time a young man has finished his apprenticeship and has taken the all-or-nothing test in which he has either succeeded and won his guns or failed and been banished from his homeland forever, he has become a creature of pure instinct. Mercy, justice, kindness, diplomacy—these lessons are not taught in the Square Yard by the bald, squat, and scarred Cort but are left to the limping and philosophical teacher Vannay, whose difficult job it is to tether Cort's boy-hawks to a sense of justice and humanity.

As we all know, there is something regal about a hawk in flight. It soars up into the sky and hovers gracefully above its prey, wings beating but body motionless, until the final moment when it dives and strikes. Perched silently upon a tree branch, the hawk embodies fearlessness and arrogance.



Attack me, it seems to say, and I will fight you to the death. It is possible to befriend a dog, a cat, or a horse, but as every falconer knows, there is no natural affection between hawks and humans. At best you win a hawk's respect and become its comrade, its fellow fighter, its blood-brother-in-the-hunt. To ally with a hawk you must first become a hawk and strike with it. For if you are not the hawk's ally, you are its enemy.



Roland Deschain—son of Gilead's *dinh* and the final direct descendent of Arthur Eld, the ancient King of All-World—exemplifies all that a gunslinger should be. His training has made him strong, swift, brave, and relentless. Hence it is not surprising that when he took his test of manhood four years too early so that he could win his guns and avenge his father's cuckolding, he chose a hawk as his companion-at-arms. Together, boy and hawk merged into a single fighting unit and accomplished what no other apprentice of his age had ever managed to do. At fourteen years old, Roland won his guns. He fought Cort, took his mentor's ironwood stick, and left his more experienced teacher unconscious and bleeding. And though Roland's hawk died in this coming-of-age battle, symbolically speaking its spirit lived on in its ally Roland, who, like all young gunslingers, had transformed into a fully fledged bird of prey.



But not every young apprentice is as skilled as Roland, or as lucky. The majority of those who fight Cort in that field of green behind the Great Hall slink away battered

and bloody, and are forced to exit through the west gate—the one used by boys, and by failures. In Gilead, there is little room for mercy among its fighting men. In turbulent times, only the powerful remain in control of their kingdoms. Although Gilead is a fertile land, many of its neighboring baronies are still haunted by mutants, harriers, and demons. Hence those destined to rule must be carefully trained and tested. Shared experience bonds apprentices together, creating a sense of brotherhood and interdependence, which is necessary in a land where enemies lurk in every shadow, and where a gunslinger never knows whether the smiling man next to him may stick a knife in his back. But this camaraderie, once broken, can turn deadly.



To create an indomitable caste of elite warriors, many must be sacrificed. Even the child of a gunslinger *dinh* can be sent west in disgrace if he does not pass his coming-of-age test. Hence in Gilead, brothers are forced to reject brothers, and fathers are required to abandon their sons. Since the attrition rate among Gilead's elite warrior caste is high, talented boys born to the merchant and farmer classes are often adopted by gunslinger families. In fact, village elders and town officials are always on the lookout for natural talent, and every year during the Fair-Day festival of Mid-Summer a tournament is held in which all male children between the ages of six and sixteen are encouraged to compete for a place at court. But for many, the potential price of changing rank is too high. To be born a merchant means you will remain a merchant for the rest of your life, but to strive to become a gunslinger is to risk banishment.





Whether a child is born into the gunslinger caste or fights his way to that rank, his transformation from boy to hawk is an arduous process. At the age of six, every apprentice gunslinger is taken from his parents' home and is housed in communal barracks where he is no longer considered a child but a soldier-in-training. Over the next twelve years, he will become adept at hand-to-hand combat and proficient in the use of all weapons, especially the gun. At age eighteen, he will challenge his teacher to a duel, a coming-of-age battle that will determine his future. If he does not yet feel ready for this all-or-nothing test, he can postpone it for up to seven years. However, if he does not enter the Square Yard and battle his way to manhood by the age of twenty-five, he will fade into obscurity—a failure and a laughingstock to his former comrades.



Even those apprentices destined to win their guns must live in fear of that moment of potential humiliation, when they are bested by their mentor and left battered and broken before the crowds that inevitably gather to witness every coming-of-age trial. During sleepless nights, they must lie awake wondering: *What if I fail? What if I prove myself to be not a hawk but merely a dove for the slaughter?* And though gunslinger training is designed to create a sense of brotherhood among apprentices, as Cuthbert and Alain learn all too well when they return to Gilead from the Outer Arc, it can just as easily breed bitterness and jealousy.



By the time Roland and his tetamates return from Hambry, all three are hardened hawks. They have survived treachery and betrayal and have fought battles where they were greatly outnumbered but from which they emerged victorious. When Roland's mind was sucked into Maerlyn's Grapefruit, Cuthbert and Alain managed to bring him home safely despite obstacles that would have made warriors with twice their age and experience turn pale. They remembered the faces of their fathers, and so the gunslinger council awarded them the guns many other boys had died in the Square Yard trying to win.



But although Cuthbert and Alain have faced trials that could never be duplicated in Gilead's Square Yard or in any other training ground, the majority of their fellow apprentices resent their success. And though this response may seem irrational—especially since Gilead depends upon such strong young men to stand against the Crimson King and his human general, John Farson—emotionally speaking, the reason is simple. Neither Cuthbert nor Alain ever had to risk the public defeat and public humiliation required of every other gunslinger trainee.





In some ways, the obstacles a boy faces in the Square Yard are worse than those he would encounter if surrounded by his comrades in open battle. In that testing ground behind the Great Hall he is permitted to choose his weapon and his method of attack, but his teacher has the advantage of age, weight, size, and experience. And unlike other exams, in Gilead's trial of manhood, there are no do-overs and no second chances. Whether a boy suffers an attack of nerves or has a momentary lapse of judgment, the outcome is the same: failure. No friends can come to his aid; no older comrades can rescue him. There is no chance to learn from his mistakes, and he must pay the ultimate price for them.



As falconers know, a hawk with a broken wing cannot survive in the wild. The same can be said for apprentices whose spirits have been broken in the Square Yard. For such defeated and angry young men, the future is rarely pleasant. Some, such as the old weedeater that Roland and his friends met on the road to Hambry, lose all self-respect and become vagrants, despised by everyone. Others, half-mad with despair, drown themselves in alcohol. Some quietly fade away, wasting their lives in pursuits they would never have previously considered worthy of their attention. Maybe a few find peace, or even something approximating acceptance of their fate. But for the majority of such injured hawks, their pride and arrogance turns to poison and they become vicious..

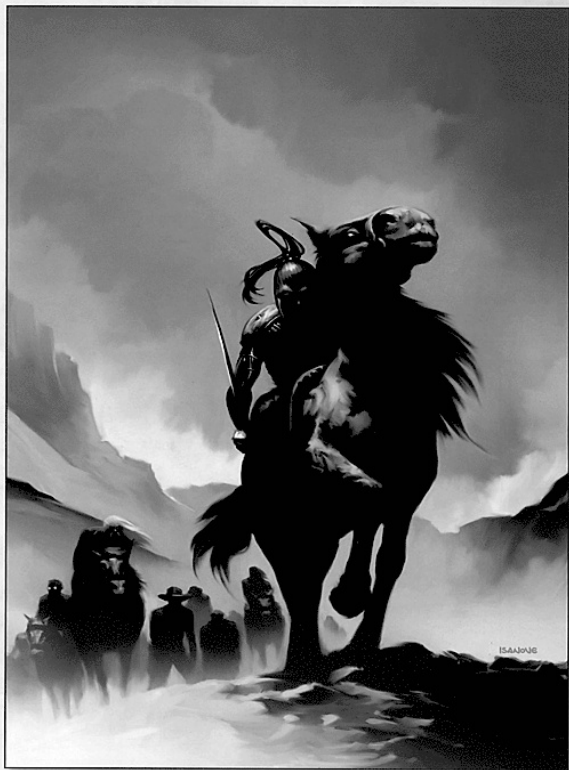


Eldred Jonas, the leader of the Big Coffin Hunters that Roland's *ka-tet* had to battle in Hambry, is an example of one such injured hawk. A yeoman's son by birth, he was raised to the rank of apprentice gunslinger by Cort's father Fardo. Unfortunately Jonas's arrogance exceeded his skill, and when he faced his adoptive father in the Square Yard, his leg was smashed by the ironwood stick wielded by every mentor since the days of Eld. Like so many before him, Eldred Jonas was sent west in disgrace.



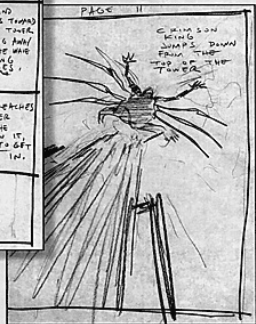
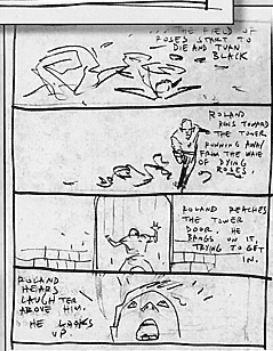
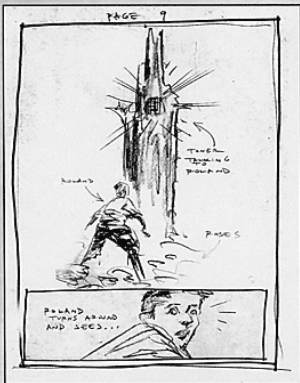
But gunslinger training is never in vain, and even those hawks banished from Gilead have beaks that slash and claws that snatch. Their bodies have been hardened by decades of training and their minds honed to focus on the kill. All their former love for their gunslinger comrades has turned to hate, and they want nothing more than to see Gilead razed to the ground. The allegiance they swore to the White as boys sours and blackens in adulthood to a devotion to the cause of the Outer Dark. Too often they, like Eldred Jonas, join John Farson's army and become the foot soldiers of the Crimson King. Hence, when the final battle between the Affiliation and the warriors of the Scarlet Eye comes to pass, the gunslingers of Gilead will find that they have created the worst of their enemies. **CR**

WRITTEN BY:
ROBIN FURTH
ILLUSTRATED BY:
RICHARD ISANOVE



SKETCHBOOK

Here's a look at some of Jae Lee's original page layouts with his story notes. The finished versions, painted by Richard Isanove, appeared earlier in this issue.



CRIMSON KING
LANDS ON TOP
OF ROLAND



CRIMSON KING
ABOUT TO
DEVOUR ROLAND



BACK IN THE REAL
WORLD, ROLAND DROPS
THE GRAPEFRUIT



ROLAND, HARASSIED BY THE
VISIONS, TAKES AWAY FROM
THE GRAPEFRUIT.



COLOR TAPES.
GRAPEFRUIT GOES
DOWN



ROLAND'S
FACE
LOOKS
SLEAZE
LIFE
SUCKED
OUT.

PAGE 14

ALAN SURFING
THE GRAPPLING
OF THEIR
DOOR



BERT
HEARS
A
BUNCH
OF
HORSES
GO
BY.

BERT SEES
THEM IN THEIR
RIDE BY WEARING BATTLE
GEAR



THEY RIDE BY AND WE
GET A CLOSE LOOK
AT THEM



BERT'S
FATHER
ALAN'S
FATHER



THE SPY



STEVEN

PAGE 15



TREE TOPS

STEVEN



ALAN'S
DAD

ALL ON HORSES

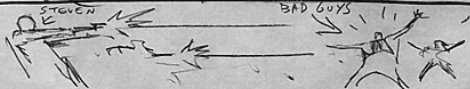
CHARLES

GUNSLINGER AS



SPY
STUDING GROUP
TELLS THE GUNSLINGER
TO DIS MOUNT
AND TRACED
ON FOOT.

BAD GUYS
GETTING SHOT



PAGE 20



**NEXT: Aileen, daughter of Cort, sets out to make her own destiny
...whatever the cost.**





All is not well in Mid-World. Young gunslinger Roland Deschain, the young man whose destiny it is to seek and save the Dark Tower, is haunted by horrifying visions from the evil seeing sphere, Maerlyn's Grapefruit. The Crimson King, enemy of all that lives, has long plotted the utter destruction of the Tower, and the undoing of reality itself. Now, with Roland unable to act, his monstrous foe has put his plan into motion...

From the creative team that brought Roland's early adventures to life in *The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger Born* and *The Dark Tower: The Long Road Home*, comes the next chapter of this dark saga of friendship, betrayal and a cosmic quest as conceived by master storyteller Stephen King.

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & CONTENT



\$3.99 US \$4.05 CAN

DIRECT EDITION



Scanned By Zone... Edited By Resin



NUJUMEN

